Lyſ. Now pritty one, how long have you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade ſir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name, but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long have you beene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo yong, were you a gamſter at five, or at ſeaven?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Ly. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Governour of this place.

Ly Why, hath your Principall made knowne unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Ly. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity: Oh you have heard ſome-thing of my power,, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Ly. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes have beene ſold dearer than Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Ly. I did not thinke thou couldſt have ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold heere's gold for thee, perſevere in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good gods preſer

Ly. For my part, I came with doores and windowes ſavour v peece of vertue, and I doubt no ble, hold, heere's more gold for like a theefe, that robs thee of from me, it ſhall be for thy goo

Boult. I beſeech your honour

Ly. Avant thou damned doo this virgin that doth prop it, you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt t your peeviſh chaſtity, which is cheapeſt Country under the coa hold, let me be gelded like a Spa

Mar. Whither would you hav

Boult. I muſt have your mayd mon hang-man ſhall execute it, more gentlemen driven away, c

Enter B

Baud. How now, what's the

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtr words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.

Baud O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſio face of the gods.

Baud. Marry hang her up for e

Boult. The Nobleman would h bleman, and ſhe ſent him away his prayers too.

Baud. Boult, take her away, the glaſſe of her virginity, and ma

Boult. And if ſhe were a thor is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you gods.

Baud. She conjures, away with

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